



As Old as Time by LawJ80

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Summary: Mulder and Scully catch the case of missing children in the small town of Derry, Maine. Over the course of weeks the Agents will be tested to their limits and perhaps fall victim to the demon that lurks beneath the sewers.

As Old as Time

Hello Reader, suffering from insomnia as usual so please enjoy this idea that entered into my head...This is set in 2015, IT the movie will be updated to this time frame, also I haven't seen the movie in forever but I'm going to go in slightly different directions than the movie.please leave feedback and let me know what can be improved upon and let me know if I should continue this or not...Enjoy! Lawj80

The boat began gathering speed and thus slipping further and further from the boy's grasp.

"Nooo!" The boy shouted against the howling rain that pelted the rain coat, his eyes just catching the paper boat that disappeared into a nearby sewer drain.

Mere seconds later the boy was staring into the abyss that was the sewer of Derry, the S.S. Georgie seemingly lost in the inky blackness. "Bill's gonna kill me" the boy muttered in defeat placing his head against the soaked pavement.

A moment had passed before the boy felt eyes bore into him, he wasn't alone.

"Is this your boat?" A raspy voice spoke barely audible over the torrents of rain.

The boy slowly lifted his head from his hands bringing himself face to face with....a clown? The boy blinked and rubbed his eyes sure that the light was playing tricks with his vision but alas there was a clown standing before him...well beneath him in the sewers holding his boat with one of his gloved hands.

"It's a very nice boat" the clown spoke again smiling at the boy who felt as though something was off. This had to be a dream.

"Thanks" The boy responded meekly, he didn't know why he felt so uneasy this was after all a clown but even so the clown was a stranger.

The clown looked at him behind dull eyes that seemed to be hiding something "Do you want a balloon, I can make it a dog...a cat....you like dogs and cats." The clown flashed another smile

"I'm not supposed to take things from strangers" The boy braved though his voice was tiny against the storm

The clown nodded "Well of course, your parents told you that did they....smart parents they. Well I'm Pennywise the Dancing Clown... and you are?"

"Georgie" The boy responded automatically

"Pennywise, Georgie, Georgie...Pennywise. See we're not strangers any more" The clown stated this as a matter of fact and Georgie had to admit he was beginning to ease up a little.

The clown stared expectantly "You like the circus Georgie, can you hear it, the circus?"

Georgie was surprised that as Pennywise spoke the more the larger picture began to form, the rain retreated and sounds of rides, people laughing and having fun began to fill the air around him along with the smell of popcorn.

"You like popcorn Georgie, is that your favorite" The clown spoke, seemingly reading his mind.

The boy nodded as the clown gleefully "Mine too, because it goes... Pop!" A small trail of saliva escaped the clowns mouth as he emphasized the last word.

"Pop, pop, pop" Georgie laughed as the clown continued in a silly voice before abruptly stopping and staring at Georgie.

"Well I should get going" Georgie stated slowly getting up from his resting spot, the urge to run was beginning to overtake him as fear laden his mind.

"Wa...wait...don't you want your boat. What would Bill say if you lost it?"

The boy didn't remember mentioning his brother to the clown but regardless he was right...Bill would kill him. Slowly he crouched back down to the sewer.

"Such a nice boy, here...take it" The clown extended the boat till it was just out of reach from Georgie who involuntarily extended his arm into the sewer.

He unfortunately noticed the teeth when it was far too late, the fangs sunk deep into his arm. He let out a scream as he fell back against the soaking wet pavement of the road. Blood cascading down his arm, mixing with the water on the road.

"BILL! HELP" Georgie crawled away from the sewer, wishing that he was back home...away from the....he felt claws grips his leg.

"HEL...." Thunder roared in the distance overtaking his last frantic cries for help as he was dragged beneath the streets of Derry.

FBI headquarters Washington D.C.

June 21st, 2015

Scully walked into her and her partners basement office at a little past eight in the morning already knowing that this wasn't going to be an easy day, since it appeared that Mulder never left the office.

Files upon files littered the floor as Mulder wrote notes down on notepads that also like their counterparts strayed off in a million different directions...leaving the office floor without much maneuverability.

"You never went home last night did you?" She asked knowingly as she tossed her bag on the what free space there was on the floor near her desk stepping over to a clearly manic Mulder.

"Scully....I think I might have found one of the biggest X-files to date" Mulder mused his smile never escaping as he rose to his feet and stepped over files to get to his desk where a PowerPoint presentation was set up on a computer seemingly awaiting.

Taking a sip of coffee Scully sat on her desk "You say that about every case Mulder, most of the time its easily explainable."

Mulder held up a knowing finger before starting the slide show "Welcome to Derry Maine population around five thousand" Mulder stated as a slide came up showing a quaint little town.

"What does this have to do with the X-files? I hear you asking" Scully shrugged her shoulders waiting for her partner to tell her why.

"This little town holds a dark secret" The slide went to a missing persons poster of a girl of about ten. "there have been about twenty missing children cases in the past year" Mulder stopped as the presentation ended on twenty missing person flyers.

"And. This is clearly the work of a serial kidnapper, a case for the FBI but not us."

"Right you are Scully smart and clever as ever, except I left out the crucial detail that there is a twenty-seven year gap between missing persons, and not about a twenty-seven year gap....exactly a twenty-seven year gap."

Scully stopped drinking her coffee "So it's a person who moves around and comes back or a protégé, a copy cat."

"Every twenty-seven years scully...since the town was founded in the sixteen hundreds, Derry Maine has the highest missing children cases in the country not to mention adult deaths, and one of the highest cases of accidents with numerous fatalities, the last one being a factory explosion."

"Let me guess...every twenty seven years" Scully asked already knowing the answer.

Mulder grinned "Exactly"

"The FBI had to have opened cases of this town before, right?" Scully interjected

"According to the files I've managed to find is that the last agents to investigate this went missing as well...that was back in 1961"

Doing some quick adding and subtracting scully let out a groan
"Judging by your groan I take it you've discovered that it occurred during a twenty-seven year cycle"

"Could it be another Tooms?" Scully said remembering the case two decades ago, the one that her life at been put into danger.

It was now Mulder's turn to shrug his shoulders..."Could be, though something is telling me that there's more to it than that. Something like Four hundred years Scully of disappeareances...could be vampires." His smirk suggested that he was joking but with Mulder one never could tell.

Scully stepped over the files till she stood next to Mulder, the flyers on the PowerPoint ending with one that was only a few days old.

"When do we leave?" Her interest was peaked, whoever or whatever was doing this needed to be stopped.

"About an Hour."